

Some Collection
Some Court for
A C C O U N T 175

OF THE

I R I S H.

By the late J. S. D. D. D. S. P. D.

“ The House of an IRISH PEASANT is the Cave
“ of Poverty; *within*, you see a Pot and a little
“ Straw; *without*, a Heap of Children tumbling
“ on a Dunghill. Never was there a more
“ monstrous Conjunction than that of Pride with
“ Beggary; and yet this Prodigy is seen every
“ Day, in almost every Part of the Kingdom.”
Bp. Berkley's Tracts.



L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER at the Globe, in
Pater-noster-Row.

M.DCC.LIII.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

IRISH

By the late N. S. D. D. S. P. D.

"The title of an Irish account is the two
"of Poverty; which was the a Pot and a little
"draw; and a little of Children; counting
"on a little more was there a more
"mention of the nation from that of P. S. with
"the name of the nation is seen every
"day in a new part of the Kingdom.
"No. 1000's. 1000's.

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HOWEVER this slight Sketch may to Strangers appear a Piece of meer Grotesque, an extravagant Mixture of Reality and Fiction, of Truth and Fable; such as have resided amongst, and conversed with these People allow that it bears so near a Resemblance to the Original, as to be acknowledged exact in all its Features and Symmetry. I might, I confess, have bestowed my Pains on a much nobler Subject, but the Figures and Postures of Owls or Apes may sometimes prove as diverting to the Eye, if naturally represented, as the more stately Objects. That I have not done this from private Pique, must be granted, since it is well known the Task was commanded: And if I can by any, be convinced that I have in the least Particular injur'd them, I shall be ready at any Time to confess my Error, and give them a Satisfaction as Public as the Offence.

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

IRISH

IRELAND, in the Opinion of some, seems a Part of the Refuse of the Globe of Earth at the Creation; that when the rest of *Europe* was completed and polished, some of the Scraps and Rubbish was cast out at this Back-door, which being half dried by the slanting Beams of the Sun, was in some measure *dough-bak'd* into an *Ireland*, of what Worth and Quality shall be hereafter described.

If *Europe* may be compared to a Piece of fine Cloth, this certainly must be

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some of the Lift, or Fag-end : If to a stately Palace, the Postern : If to a Human Figure, wherever we place the Head, this will surely hold more Proportion with the Tail, as will appear upon farther Consideration.

Some have thought fit to call it the Watering-pot of the Planets, and the French have named it, *Le Pot de Chambre du Diable* ; seldom dry, but often running over, the Rains falling down so frequently, as if the Heavens were a wounded Eye perpetually weeping over it, or the Clouds dropping Sponges.

As for the frequent Gusts of Wind, they may well be looked upon as Nature's Bellows, and for this, Thanks are due perhaps to the Bantamites, who sowing so much Pepper yearly in the East-Indies, in the Bowels of our Grand-mother Earth, have undoubtedly caused her to break Wind backwards in these Western Parts, where she eases herself of the Colic.

Some

Some call it a Fripery for Bankrupts, or the Grand Hospital for such as are troubled with a Consumption in their Estate and Credit. But whatever may have been formerly the Case, there are small Hopes now, that Strangers should there get cured of such desperate Diseases, for the whole Country may well pass for a Map of general Misery and Poverty, the Natives and Inhabitants being most of them lively Portraits of the Prodigal Son in his most Swinish Condition ; so that it were no less difficult now to get into an Estate there (unless by the conquering Sword) than to get out of one of their deepest Bogs when just sinking, when we can neither help *ourselves* nor persuade *Teague* to assist ; unless *St. Patrick* prompts him in a most especial Manner.

Yet is the Soil in many parts naturally rich, as Dunghills are ; and were it well husbanded, would yield a plentiful Increase ; but what thro' Laziness and Want of Industry, (I speak of the

meer Irish, to whom the whole Account relates) and their innate Pride, and Self-conceitedness, which makes them disdain being taught by Foreigners, they so little improve their Lands, that unless it be themselves, nothing to a pitying Eye can be a sadder Spectacle.

Inclosures are very rare amongst them, and those about as well fenced as the Parts of *Northamptonshire*, when the Hedges were grubb'd up by the rebellious Rout of the Commoners.

Much of their Land is reserved for Grazing and Pasturage; and indeed, the Grass holding a constant Ver-
dure, and in so many Places indent-
ed with Purling Brooks and Streams,
their Meadows form a perfect Green
Carpet fringed with the purest Sil-
ver: Yet Hay is a Rarity amongst
them, and would cost them so much
more Pains to make it than they
can afford, that they seldom if ever
trouble either their Heads or their Hands
about

about it. As for their Arable Ground, it lies commonly as much neglected and unmeasured as the Sandy Defarts of Arabia. And not to particularise every Circumstance, their National Custom of Ploughing, by tying their Wooden Harness to the Horses Tail, and that other senseless Improvidence of burning their Oats to save the Labour of Thrashing, are two such very remarkable Proofs of their Husbandry, that it would be needless to describe it any further: So that whatever the Country may be, the People are nothing more than a wild Herd of Animals, inhabiting instead of improving it.

This Sloth and Carelessness is one Reason why all Sorts of Grain and Fruit are of a less and more degenerate Growth, than in other well cultivated and improved Countries; which is also observed in most of their Vegetables and Animals, Women and Greyhounds only excepted. The Corn seldom shoots up to that aspiring Height upon its Spindle, as may be seen elsewhere, nor does it

it attain so full and weighty an Ear, as to make it bend down to kiss its Mother's Bosom ; but grows so dwarfish, thin, and full of Weeds, that it resembles the Field in the Parable, which the Evil One sowed with Tares.

To this may be coupled the Housewifery of the Women, but it were pity to part their Good Qualities, whose Nastiness cannot better be described, than by directly opposing them to the *Dutch*, as in the other Extreme ; those being no less Excessive in their exquisite Sluttishness, than the other in their over-nice Cleanliness : And though both have a too fond Opinion of their Ways, yet, if I mistake not, these Strollers have a much better Conceit of their Filthiness, than the other of their Over-nicety ; which though perhaps a Fault in both, may be more excusable in the *Dutch*, the Hollander *being indeed proud of a Molehill, but the Teague of a Dunghill* ; a Place whereon the rank Weeds of Pride and Arrogance are most apt to grow. How ill these two agree, Pride and Poverty

verty, the Proverb will tell them. In this methinks they may be fitly compared to their own high Mountains, whose Heads are raised above the Clouds, wearing the Stars for a Coronet; and yet are, indeed, no better adorned, than with a dirty Bog on the Top, more deep and dangerous than the lowest Road in the Vallèys.

‘ I never yet found Pride (says one)
 ‘ in a noble Nature, nor Humility in
 ‘ an unworthy Mind: It may seem
 ‘ strange to an inconsiderate Eye, that
 ‘ such a poor Violet Virtue should e-
 ‘ ver dwell with Honour, and such an
 ‘ aspiring Fume as Pride should gene-
 ‘ rally sojourn with Baseness.’ Whether
 it be not so amongst the *Irish*, I leave
 knowing Persons to judge, But sure
 am, this Pride is their greatest Enemy;
 it makes them unsociable with the *Eng-
 lish*, their mistaken and ambitious
 Thoughts setting their Worth above
 themselves, and all others beneath them;
 makes them despise their Amity and In-
 genuity, *Disdain* being writ upon their
 Brow

Brow, where one may read, *I am too good for thee*: This makes them idle in their Occupations, careless to improve their Knowledge, and if some of them are born to good Parts by Nature, they rarely add any thing by Industry: This makes them hug their old Ethnick Customs, not because they are good, but because their Ancestors formerly used them, and they themselves have since practised them: In fine, this makes them chuse rather to want than to work, rather to steal than to want, and so rather run the Hazard of the greatest Severity of the Law for such Offences, than to earn their Bread by honest Labour, and gain a Livelihood by the Sweat of their Brows.

Their Dwellings or Cabans I should more exactly describe, if I durst have adventured oftener into them; or could have staid long enough to have surveyed them at my being there; which I did once essay, but found it as hazardous almost, as *Orpheus* did his Descent into Hell, where, indeed, there might
be

be a greater Fire, but not more Smoak, the thick Cloud of which, in the Midst of the Room so blinded me, and concealed the House, that I could scarce remember any thing but my smarting Eyes, when I came out again: Should they be as much troubled with that Pestilence of scolding Wives, as they are with smoaky Houses, they might well write upon each Door, *Lord, have Mercy upon us*; for certainly there can be no greater Plague.

As for the outward Structure, an English Cow-house shews more Architecture far; and for Sweetness, I have heard many affirm, that the foulest Corner about the Bear-garden is Musk and Amber to their best Appartments.

The Walls are meer Mud, mixed with a little wet Straw; the Covering Thatch; the Floor Earth; which, by Reason of the constant Rains, is generally so damp, that they may be said to live upon a Bog; the Thatch so ill thrash'd, that by the sprouting of the Corn left in it

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which

which often springs up green, it may be added, they live under a Meadow; or, as a Person of Honour once said, they have green Ears over their Heads, and a false Ground under their Feet.

The Beds are upon a Foundation so firm, that nothing less than an Earthquake can move them; Rushes or Straw supplies the Place of Feathers or Flocks, and serve, 'till cast Horse-litter is a fragrant Nosegay to it, and Jacob's sweet Lodging on the fresh Grass compared to it, like the Pleasure of the Marriage Bed.

Sheets are never provided, and to tell the naked Truth, unless they can purchase a poor Cadow, which is not often, they ligg together like Adam and Eve before the Fall, without a Rag to cover them, which may be one Reason why they so multiply; necessitated to keep together for Warmth, they engender as thick as Fly-blows, each little Hutt being as full of Children,

as a Coney-Burrow in a well stock'd Warren, is of Rabbits.

Partitions forming different Rooms, you seldom see any thing of; they sleep in common with their Swine or Poultry. Windows would discover their Poverty and Sluttiness too much, and a Chimney is reckoned as superfluous as a Steeple to a Conventicle: The Door, which perhaps is as irregular and multiform as a new made Breach in a Wall, serving both to let in the Light, and let out the Smoak; so that you may guess their Abodes are pleasant and airy as a Dungeon, and unless they be compared to one another, each of them may very properly be called None-such.

Their Women in general are very little beholden to Nature for their Beauty and less to Art: So little in Love with Painting, or any auxiliary Aids, that one would almost swear they never had their Faces wash'd since their Baptism. To these Ladies the perpetual Smoak within Doors, and the want of a Bonnet without,

adds such a Tincture of Complexion, that a Plowman's Sun-burnt Hand, or a Seaman's Weather-beaten Face, is Snow or Cream to it: So that Temptation is little to be feared from these Scare-crows, whose Physiognomies are such a Defence, such a Spell for their Plackets, such a Refrigeratory against the Flames of Lust, that in the Day-light they are more than secure from any violent Attempt upon their Chastity, though in the Night they may pass Muster, and the Push of Pike, when Joan is allowed to be as good as my Lady.

Their Bodies are tolerably proportioned, and to be borne withal; but then they are mounted on such misshapen Trussels or Supporters, that was a Man desirous to try the Pleasure of their Embraces, he must be sure, as a witty Person observ'd, to lay their Legs aside. Their Breasts are excepted against by some, for being of the same Size with their Posteriors, and their Hands are already too well tann'd for Gloves to be thrown away upon them.

Amorous

Amorous as Doves are they, but not altogether so chaste as Turtles, desiring as much to be billing, and very frequently bringing forth Twins, as the others hatch Young Ones by Pairs. No great Ceremony or Courtship is requisite, for if they yield not at first Summons upon Composition, a slight Attack wins the Fortress, and it soon may be entered. These old Texts being Orthodox amongst them, *Touch and take, Laugh and lye down, Up and ride,* and so to the End of the Chapter.

The Men, as Birds of the same Nest and Feather, differ only in the Sex : They are held to be in some Measure more crafty than might be expected, but neither prudent nor honest ; credulous and easy of Belief, treacherous, sharking, great Listners after News, notorious Thieves, and very skilful at Ledgerdemain, for which Trade both Nature and Fortune seem to have fitted them ; for as they are miserably poor, so are they more impudent than a Court Page, or an Italian Courtezan, and have
made

made it a common Practice to enter into any House without the Civility of asking Leave, or knocking at the Door; and being once in, their creaking Shoes never betray them, for they either wear Broags, a kind of thin Pumps, or make so bold with Nature as to use their bare Feet: If they spy any portable Prize, their Hands are like Lime-twigs, and the Prey shall hardly escape them; nor are they ever unprovided of a Cloak or Mantle, as large as a Jesuits Conscience, to spread over their Knavery. And lastly, for Agility and Swiftnes of Retreat, they may compare with Mercury himself, being ever in a running Posture, and always setting the best Foot foremost.

Surely, of all People they are the least troubled with Corns upon their Toes, they walk so stoutly; but amongst a thousand of their Hands, perhaps not one Finger could be pick'd out that were not tainted with an Itch after unlawful Gain, or infected with a Fellon: For so much Sweetness do they
fancy

fancy for the Relish of stolen Goods,
that they have little Gout for any other.

It is a Saying, That *a good Face needs no Band, and a bad one deserves none*; which may be a reason why these are so ill accoutred and negligent in their Apparel; tho' if the extreme Poverty of the generality be considered, which yet proceeds from their own Sloth, we shall find more cause to pity, than wonder at them. Once a Year, perhaps, their Stock may swell to the Purchase of a Frize Garment of a Brace of Two-pences the * Bandle; higher it can hardly reach, whatever their Ambition may prompt them to: A coarse out-side indeed, yet most think it suitable enough to the lining within, for a Loam Wall deserves but a mean Hanging.

The Females have a Head Attire which they call Kerchers: Amongst the better Sort it is made of Linen, but seldom so white as a *Dutchman's Sail*: Whilst

* An Irish Measure of two Feet in length.

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Whilst the common Trulls put up with any thing they can get; an old Rag turn'd out of other Service, or the Flap-pet of a Month-worn Smock reprieved from the Wash-tub; and yet, as one said of the like Sluttery, the poor Remnant looks as briskly as if it were promised for the next whole Quarter to escape many a scowring.

Flesh-bags they may, some of them, have for the Day, but at Night they ever uncase themselves and ligg in the Woollen, if their Wits can gather enough to cover them; otherwise they nestle together in Litter with the Sow and Pigs, for they are all of a Family: But their Smocks cannot properly be called Changes, for they seldom allow themselves more than one, till it be worn fit to be pull'd from their Backs for Touch to light Tobacco as they sit in the Fields, which I have frequently been witness to.

Dancing is much in request amongst them, after their rude Manner, which is much like the drunken Bacchanals
of

of old : Their chief Delight is called the *Trott*, and it is not named improperly, for not only *Banks's* Horse was an absolute Monsieur to them, and the heaviest Mare that ever trotted Man's Dagger out of its Sheath, went more regular and smoothly, but it hath likewise so many Horse-tricks in it, that 'tis much fitter for the Stable, than any decent Hall or Dining-room.

The *Jews* Trump is their common Music, to whose Melody they will hobble till the Labour makes them send forth a Haut-goût, as little pleasing as their Tunes : But if they can attain to a Harp or Bagpipe, O how they will dance out of all Measure ! add to this their Tatterdemalion Dress ; Petticoats if they may be so called, of as many different Colours as a Taylor's *fundamental* Cushion, to which the Waistcoat is the fittest Match that can be, and cross their Shoulders a Linnen Shroud of the same Hue of a Winding-Sheet after some Years Burial. Shoes are above their Price, neither are

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Brogues

* Brogues a Purchase for every one ; No, they stand more upon their Feet than so, and for Stockings they have a very cheap and durable Mode, one Pair-lasting their whole Pilgrimage, and those no other than of Nature's knitting, they fit close and tight, and save the Labour of gartering.

Compliments are as seldom used among them as the Common-Prayer among the *Non-Cons* ; you might as soon teach an Elephant to cut a Caper, as bring one of them to make a handsome Leg : It seems a trouble to them to pull off their Hats ; and when done, it shall be seconded with a Speech inferior to that of *Balaam's* Ass ; and usher'd in, or out, with a *By Chreesht* and *St. Patrick*, or an elegant Curse, or two : But for this Nonsense perhaps their Nurses are to be condemned, who (especially in *Ulster*) when they suckle their young Babes, if they chance to take Cold in their Heads, instead of wiping their Noses, suck them with their Mouths so hard, that, as one observ'd, 'tis very probable they suck out their

their Brains, and make them for ever empty skull'd. *I wonder, said one to an Irishman, That, being thirty Years of Age, and having travel'd through the best Part of the World, you should be so great a Fool still. That's not much replies another. But the greater Wonder is, that there should be a whole Kingdom of such Fools.*

Shirts are no less out of date among the Teagues, than Surplices with the Dissenters; so that the intolerable Fustiness lurking in their unlin'd Breeches, adds a Stench beyond the Devil's Pomander.

Some count them naturally hospitable, but if they are so, it is in so ill-favour'd a Manner, that, like giving an Alms in a nasty Clout, which, tho' Necessity indeed may make welcome, the greatest Charity can never account decent.

Bonny-Clabber and Mulahaan, alias Sower Milk and Choak-Cheese, with a Dish of Potatoes boiled, is their general Entertainment, to which add an Oat-cake

and it compleats their Bill of Fare, unless they intend to shew their excessive Prodigality, and tempt your Appetite with a Dozen of Eggs extraordinary, which many times, instead of being new-laid, prove like over-ridden Wenches, either rotten, or with a young Chick in the Belly of them. After this, comes Tobacco; which you must take either in Smoak or Snuff, if you will be good Company, while thy fit chewing it with as much eagerness and desire, as the longing great-bellied Woman bit at the fat Man's Breech. And for a Close to the Treat (*a la Grandezza*) the Mistrefs shall produce her Moornaun of Sower-milk, and stripping her Sleeve to the Shoulder, thrust up to the Arm-pit, and stirring with her Hand the Curds at the Bottom, presents you with the Liquor, of which you may eat if you like, until you are satisfied.

But let me not forget their Butter, made up with so much Filth and Hair, like Lime prepared to plaister Walls withal, which, if eaten without singing,
or

or not melted and strained, you run a Hazard as great, as one that would swallow the Burr of an over-grown Artichoke, or a pickled Rope without Sauce: Hence one may easily guess the Difference between this and the Dutch Butter-box, the one cutting like Spanish Marmalade, the other like untried Kitchen-stuff, and having as rank an Odour as a Carrier's Summer-trotters.

And that their Bread may be suitable to their Butter, and so stick the closer together, the Women grind their Corn on a Stone placed betwixt their naked Thighs upon the Ground, in the very same Posture as they churn their Cream. These Mills having this Advantage above others, that they are equally supplied both with Wind and Water at the same Instant.

Drinking is not so much their Vice, as of some of their neighbouring Nations, unless their so excessive smoaking be reckoned in, to which both the Men and Women are generally addicted; nay, the
very

very Children too, insomuch, that an Infant of their breeding, shall take more Delight in handling a Tobacco-pipe than a Rattle ; and will sooner learn to make Use of it, than another shall of it's Sucking-bottle.

The Liquor they palate best, when they venture at a Debauch, is Usquebaugh, a Kind of exceeding strong Aquavita, which, though esteemed as Liquor of Life, too often leaves them dead drunk upon the Spot.

In their Sowse they are pettish and haughty, but not stout ; for I have seen one resolute Stranger make a whole Bevy of them lick up the foul Language they had vomited in his Presence, and by drawing a little Blood from one, all the rest have been fainting ; which shews that the Potion heats only their Brain and Tongue, but leaves the Heart as cold as before, and does them this Prejudice, that it brings them many Times into a Scuffle, but can never bring them out again, with any Credit or Honour.

Daring

Daring Valour, or true Heat of Courage, was never yet the Crime laid to their Charge. And tho' Wars have often been given to them; yet I wonder when it was that they were so given to War as *Solinus* affirms, that the Mother at the Birth of a Son, gave the Child the first Piece of Flesh it ever tasted upon the Point of her Husband's Sword, using many stout Imprecations, and wishing that it might live and die no otherwise than by the Sword.

It is an *Irish* Observation, and a notable one, that whenever two Armies meet in Battle, the one must run, for both cannot conquer, and since one must give way, why not at the Beginning, before much Bloodshed, rather than after too many Lives are lost; and since one of them must, or generally does run, who fitter than they whom Nature has provided with better Legs *to run*, than Hands or Hearts *to fight*; and therefore do they commonly run betimes, lest some Wounds in their Legs should hinder their nimble Retreat: This made an old experienced

perienced Officer, who knew their Way of reasoning, cause some Regiments of Dragoons to march up towards their more numerous Army, with Boots on, who when the *Irish* beheld, they straightway concluded, that these *English* men being booted, would not, or could not run, and since one Party must go off at last, it must needs be themselves, and therefore they very discreetly all ran away immediately.

If it ever happens that they fight, they do it more courageously on any other Turf than their own; for there their Heels ever do them more Service than their Hands, which profess themselves utter Enemies to all Industry, and if they recover a Bog, *St. Patrick* then hugs them in the Bosom of his safest Protection.

Bloody they are, when they can overpower, and do it securely, and this is an Effect of their Cowardise, for that and Pride and Cruelty are Curs of the same Litter, witness their execrable Butcheries
and

and Massacres of our poor unwary and unarm'd Country Folks, their burning and destroying Towns ; which hath lain upon them so heavy ever since, that what Cause soever they manage, hath proved unsuccessful, and what Friends soever engage for them, have and will still suffer the more deeply for being on that Side.

A Stiff-neck'd Generation they cannot be called ; they lay them down as readily to every Yoke, as if they had been born to Servitude, and we find them inclined to have been so, indifferently under their own Countrymen, or under their Friends the *Spaniards* and the *French* formerly. Therefore they are the less to be pitied, inasmuch as there is no greater Liberty expected, desired, or struggled for by them.

Some few Places they have which may be of good Strength, but those general Buildings call'd Castles, wherein dwell the better Sort of *Teagues*, are indeed no

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other

other than Prisons, where every Apartment is but a different Dungeon; and though they were intended for Places of Defence, instead of Pleasure or Convenience; yet whoever surveys them with a skilful Eye, meets with such strange Irregularities and Transgressions against both the Ancient and Modern Rules of Fortification, as will soon make him conclude that their great Fear and little Wit, was the chief Engineer.

And as the Contrivers who raised them shewed but little Ingenuity; so their Heirs have hitherto, and I believe hereafter will shew less Courage in defending them, who, though they may have lofty Towers, have groveling Spirits, strong walls, and weak Hearts, though they have Care and Fear enough to man a Fort; which are said to be the most circumspect and wary Centinels, yet having so little brave Resolution to back them withal, they will scarce prove so good a Guard as the Geese were to the Capitol, for they are said to have preserv'd that Place, whereas

whereas these have often already, and I dare affirm will, on any future Occasion, surrender and fly, at the first Summons, without so much as hissing or gagling.

And as these Castle-houses are but rough-hewn on the outside, so are they yet more homely within, their general Furniture being scarcely worth the Mention; and those who have the best, marshal it after so indecent a Manner, that it lies in as great Disorder as a Tavern after a Mid-night's Debauch, or a Bawdy-house after a Fray.

The middle Sort of People had formerly many more of these Sort of Dens, but in the time of the long Parliament an infinite Number were destroyed, or so defaced, that they now look like the Remnants of a London Custard, that has been assaulted at a City Feast, with much Valour and a good Stomach.

But to return to our first Post: Their Language seems to be very ancient, in-

deed, being almost worn quite out of Date, scarce known in any other Country, and not generally used in their own: To a Foreigner it sounds so unpleasant, that it grates the Ear, and seems fitter to conjure than to converse in. Withal, they use such a whining Tone, and speak so precipitately, that considering their Garb and Posture, you would think they had been newly stript of their little All; and were now hastily and earnestly craving your Relief and Charity for a fresh Supply.

Nor are they more grave or demure in their Pace; but frisk it about the Streets Post-horse like, as if a Bailiff pursued them, or some fiercer Devil drove them.

Yet at their work they are on the other Hand so slow and deliberate, digging, plowing, thrashing, &c. with their Cloaks upon their Backs, and wasting so much of their Time in smoaking and prating, that it is usual to hire four
of

of these Lubbers to dispatch the Work of one industrious Englishman, 'which would be a very chargeable Circumstance, did they not humbly submit to accept of much lesser Wages, which they take good Care not to over-earn, lest they should surfeit themselves, or wear out their Limbs too soon; and either want more Business, or the Strength to go through with it next Day.

Some Historians bespeak them very tender and careful of their young ones: But wherein that Tenderness consists, is not so readily to be found out. For their Food is not in the least Degree better than they allow their Pigs, Bonny-rowre for the Summer, and Potatoe-roots in Winter are their choicest Dainties: And then for their Cloathing, it is yet courser; of a whole Child the third Part is scarce ever covered with Woollen; nor so much Linen to be seen amongst a whole Tribe, as would make the Band of a Parish-Clerk, or furnish an ordinary Tinder-box.

box. In short, they are as naked as a young Ladies Neck in the Dog-days, or the Bird in the Fable stript of its borrowed Plumes; so that unless their Apish hugging them in their Arms or carrying them on their Backs can make it out, I cannot.

When they are grown up, their Education is suitable to the rest of their Care: For I have known many other People take more Pains to teach a Parrot or to train a Spaniel, than they do to instruct their Children, and perhaps have brought them to more Dexterity of Understanding and Ingenuity. Writing is a Rarity, and Reading would be utterly laid aside, were it not of great and important Consequence when they are allowed the Benefit of their Clergy in a Neck-verse; and how much the Want of Education sets them beneath a learned and polite People, may be found out in the first Hour's Conversation with any of them.

But

But however careless they may be of the Living, they are mightily concerned for the Dead, having a Custom, which sure they borrowed from the *Egyptians*, of howling when they carry any one to Burial, and screaming over their Graves, not as Christians, but as People without Hope: And sooner than this shall be omitted, they hire a Herd of these Crocodiles to accompany the Corpse, who with their counterfeit Tears and Sighs, and confused Clamour and Noise, bemoan the departed Friend, with just as much Concern as an Actor on the Theatre for the feigned Death of his Dearest in a Tragedy. Instead of a Funeral Oration, they bawl out their Lamentations, *O Hone ! O Hone ! Dear Joy, why did you die and leave us ? hadst thou not Pigs and a Potatoe Garden ? Hadst thou not some Sheep and a Cow, Mulahan and Oat-sake, and good Usquebaugh to comfort thy Heart, and put Mirth upon thy Friends ? Then, wherefore wouldst thou leave this good World, and thy poor Wife and Children ?*

O Hone !

O Hone ! O Hone ! with abundance of such Stuff; to all which, Dear Joy, lending but a deaf Ear, sleeps on till Doomsday by *St. Patrick*; while home they go to drink and drown the present Sorrow; till the melancholy Fit comes upon them afresh, and the melodious Harp or Bagpipe is out of the Way, and then they resort to the Grave, repeating and howling their *O Hones* with the same Degree of Sorrow as before.

Having Occasion once to go to a Country Town of no small Note, I chanced to wander into the Market-place without finding out where the Town stood; I saw indeed several Heaps of Rubbish like Dunghils, covered over with weather-beaten Straw, which I imagined might be peopled by Swine, but could not possibly guess them the Habitations of any Human Race, unless a Generation of Pigmies; but upon Inquiry and further Search, these were found to be the Dwellings of the *Teague-landers* themselves, so low, that one
would

would have imagined an Earthquake had unmercifully swallowed up the Buildings to the very Cock-lofts; the Policy being, as I afterwards learned, to prevent any Enemy coming to quarter among them, and make Stables for their Horses of their Dining-Rooms or Bed-Chambers, which now they defy, unless the humble Beasts could creep in upon their Knees, and sit down at their Mangers as they themselves are forced to do within Doors.

Some of their Chief Cities are tolerably good, but most of them more Populous than Rich, *Dublin* excepted; for though they are throng'd like Hives, yet being for the most Part Drones; they rather diminish than encrease their Stock; so that were it not for the industrious *English* and Strangers amongst them, I am persuaded in process of time, they would let it all run into its original Wildness, and live either like Canibals upon one another; or like their Native Wolves, from whom they are now but one Degree

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gree removed in point of Industry and Humanity, upon the next Prey they could light on, tho' of their nearest Blood, rather than take the least honest Pains to provide better for themselves or their wretched Progeny.

But certainly were more of our laborious English, or some of our active and industrious Neighbours planted there, and once in the quiet Possession of that Island, they would soon turn their Rags into Riches ; their Corn and Cattle into Coin, and make them more famous for their Plenty and Abundance, than they are now despicable for their Want and Scarcity of Cash and Courage.

One Privilege, indeed, they have to boast of above most other Countries ; which is, that they are free from venomous Creatures, as *England* is of ravenous ; which we may believe to be a natural Antipathy, like that of the Islands *Cyprus* and *Guernsey* ; tho' they will needs attribute it to their Miracle-monger St. *Patrick*

Patrick, who, as Tradition goes, did one day summon them all together, on the Top of a high and large Hill, called *Cruich Phadrick*, or *St. Patrick's Mount*; where having with irresistable Conjurat[i]on assembled them, by his powerful Invocation he called for Fire from Heaven, which came down, and consumed them: To which Part of the Legend, some have added, with the same Probability, that the great Croud of *Irish* Witnesses whom the good Saint had brought with him to see this Miracle, and bear Testimony of it, finding he had such Interest and Familiarity with God Almighty to obtain what he but asked for, desired him forthwith to make a second Petition, that Heaven would send down a plentiful Shower of Gold and Silver to cure them of their Poverty, and make them as opulent as the richest Nations: But he angrily replied, that God would work no Miracles to gratify their Covetousness; That he had already given them a large Country, which they were to cultivate and improve, and that their honest Labour would bring

them in a sufficient Stock of Wealth, &c. and therefore if they were not enough satisfied with this great Blessing so freely conferred, but continued to murmur, and tempt God too far, perhaps he might for their Unthankfulness and fordid Desires, turn it into a Curse again, to their perpetual Punishment. But they still importuning him, he at last made a second Essay, not petitioning for Gold or Silver, but that God would send down what he knew to be fittest for that Generation. Which Word he had no sooner pronounced, but a great and furious Whirlwind arose, which blew and dispersed the Ashes of those Poisonous Creatures over the whole Country, all which being forthwith converted into Lice, they have for ever since continued a most filthy Generation, without ever being able to find a Cure, or remove the Epidemical *Egyptian* Bosom-Plague, at this Time sticking so close to them.

A most excellent Country is this for a young Traveller to be first seasoned in,
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let him but once taste of their Entertainment and Usage, and I dare undertake he shall love all the rest of the World, unless *Scotland*, much better ever after.

A certain Portion of the County of *Galloway* is very well worth Observation; for in a considerable Extent thereof, Nature affords them neither Water enough to drown them, Wood enough to hang them, nor Earth enough to bury them; and yet it is very well inhabited: Now what Sort of Creatures, unless a Race of *Spanish Gennets*, that are said to engender by the Wind, or a Brood of Cameli-
ons that feed upon Air, can subsist where three of the Necessaries of Life are so scarce!

Friendly they are in outward Appearance and Promises, and upon ordinary Occasions one may make Use of them: but at a Pinch or Kind of extraordinary Trial, if you lean too hard, they prove but broken Reeds, and not only fail to support, but often wound the Hand that resteth on their brittle Faith.

Of

-Of this they have given so many eminent Examples, that the World is witness of the Truth of the Assertion: At the Battle of the Boyne, where King *William* set upon them under all Circumstances of Disadvantage, how basely did they sneak away, whilst their foreign Friends made a tollerable but short Resistance; tho' they had vowed by *Creesht* and by *St. Patrick* to stand by them, and look their Enemies in the Face, till Death was put upon them: Yet they all upon a little firing turn'd tail in an Instant, and disappear'd with such Agility, that thousands of them seem'd to outfee the very Shot that were sent after them, and out-ran the nimblest Horsemen that pursued them; leaving their best Officers, and such as had any Valour, to make what Retreat and Shift they could, without the least Regard or Assistance on their Part.

Since which, in all their Winter Skirmishes, their petit Assaults upon Gentlemen's Houses, their Rapperic Stratagems and Bogg-Plots, they have shewed so

much Cruelty, wherever they could surprize any unarmed Men, Women or Children, and so little Courage upon any slight Resistance, that it demonstrates them to be more bloody than Tygers, and at the same Time more timorous than Hares.

A second most remarkable Instance we gather from their Behaviour at the Action of *Athlone*, where in a Town most regularly fortified, well provided, and fully Garrison'd, an Army encamped within Sight to relieve and support them, commanded by a fierce and bloody *French* General, most famous for his Hangman-like Exploits, and butcherly Infamies, besides a Ford to be passed in the very Teeth of their Great and Small Shot: Notwithstanding all these Obstructions, a small Party of *English* Grenadiers marching through the Water on Foot, and following their brave Commanders with loud Shouts of Joy, as it were, going only in Triumph to the Breach they attack'd, they no sooner saw them

them set Foot on Shore, and cast their Hand Grenadoes into their Works, but they modestly withdrew, and as many as conveniently could, retreated at the *Irish* Rate, from the other End of the Town towards the frenchified Camp, when meeting with some Detachments of Horse approaching to assist them, they told them they might spare the Labour, for the Enemy had forced their Way in, through Fire and Water, and would not be persuaded to stay their coming ; therefore who could be so fool-hardy, as to contend with, or oppose such desperate and wilful Men ; upon which they were convinced it was safer to retire than advance, and so turned back again to the Tune of a running Jigg, not staying for any Word of Command, nor the Commanders themselves, whom they left to the Enemies Mercy, according to the right *Teaguisb* Faith and Gallantry.

It is reported of the Germans, and some other warlike People, that when they come within Sight and hearing of
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the Enemy, being drawn up in Battalia, and almost ready to engage, they draw out their broad Swords, and each with a Whet-stone, carried for that Purpose, falls to Work to set a keen Edge on his Weapon, with so much Eagerness and Noise, that it begets no little Terror in the listening Foe, and proclaims with what undaunted Resolution they are preparing to attack them. Whereas the *Teagues* only gaze about to see what Wood or Bog lies nearest, and can best shelter or favour them in their Retreat, or, perhaps by greasing their Broags and anointing their Joints, make ready for a more speedy Flight; then, throwing down their Arms, and trusting solely to their Legs, dare not so much as once to look back, but leave the Devil to take the hindmost.

Blindly obedient Children they are to the Pope of *Rome* their Holy Father, and to the Church of *Rome* their Gawdy Mother; yet so grossly ignorant in all Matters of Religion, that the History of

Tom Thumb being read to them, has passed current for the Legend of one of their most famous Saints, and believed to be as true as the Gospel; and if any Improbability, nay, Impossibility lies in their Way, name but *St. Patrick* for Voucher, and they shall swallow as many prodigious Untruths, as would choak the Credulity of the most illiterate Heathen.

Ask many of them what was the Name of the *Virgin Mary*, and it's ten to one, but they answer, *Jane*, or *Susan*, and that *St. Patrick* was her Godfather; and to any the like Question, they will be sure to furnish you with the like Answer, &c. So that if Ignorance be the true Mother of Devotion, the City of *Rome* itself cannot produce such devout Catholics as these *Teaguns*; and Pity it is they should not be transplanted to the Territories of Holy Church, as the most submissive of all her Members.



